

THE PRIZE STORY.

NO. 11.

One lady or gentlemen's Solid Gold Watch, valued at \$75, is offered every week as a prize for the best story, original or selected, sent to us by competitors under the following conditions:—1st. The story need not be the work of the sender, but may be selected from any newspaper, magazine, book or pamphlet wherever found, and may be either written or printed matter, as long as it is legible. 2nd. The sender must become a subscriber for *Truth* for at least six months, and must, therefore, send one dollar along with the story, together with the name and address clearly given. Present subscribers will have their term extended an additional half year for the dollar sent. If two persons happen to send in the same story the first one received at *Truth* office will have the preference. The publisher reserves the right to publish at any time any story, original or selected, which may fall to obtain a prize. The sum of three dollars (\$3) will be paid for such story when used. Address—Editor's Prize Story, "Truth" Office, Toronto, Canada.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

BY REV. WM. GALBRAITH, LL.B., OF MONTREAL.

[The following powerfully written story, from the pen of the respected President of the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church, was sent for *Truth* competition by Rev. D. Rogers, Ailsa Craig, Ont., and awarded the prize by the committee. Mr. Rogers will be sent the watch on forwarding twenty five cents for postage and registration. The story contains a solemn warning, and ought to be read by every young man.]

Fred Oslam was the son of a respectable widow. His father died when he was only three years of age, leaving Fred and two sisters—one six months and the other five years—to the care of their mother. They were in comfortable, but not affluent, circumstances. Mrs. Oslam continued the grocery business in which her husband had been engaged.

She resolved to bring up her children respectably; and to give them a good education. Fred was a bright, attractive boy, replete with life and energy.

At school he took the most prominent part in every play, and usually stood at the head of his class. His genial, bland, affable and cheerful disposition made him a general favorite.

On arriving at fourteen years of age, he was accustomed every evening after school to relieve his mother from the cares of business. For convenience in closing and opening the store, and, also, as a supposed additional safety to the premises, he slept over the shop, which was some distance from the family residence. Mrs. Oslam, though not a member of the church, was a woman of great force of character, unblemished reputation and good principles.

She regarded the manufacture and sale of liquor as wrong—opposed alike to the laws of God, and the best interests of humanity. She never allowed any in her grocery. If a customer asked for it, she was always ready with an apt reply, such as this: "I don't traffic in the sum of all villainies. I will not take for liquor the money which a poor man should give for bread to feed his hungry family. I cannot make my shop a fountain of death to pour forth its streams of poverty, misery and desolation upon the community in which I live."

At other times she would vindicate her temperance principles by saying: "I am not a true Christian, though I know I ought to be; but, I tell you, this liquor business is the darkest blot on Christendom. But for it, we would have little need of police, prisons, or poor-houses. Politicians speak of the increase of revenue from the license system. Deluded men! It is the most costly burden that crushes the nation."

"Without it, the government of the country would not be half so expensive as it is. That which impoverishes the individual subject, and reduces the amount of taxable property, cannot enrich the state. Then, look at these facts:—The traffic in strong drink costs Great Britain and America two thousand millions of dollars annually; forty thousand members are yearly expelled from Christian churches for drunkenness; and thirty thousand die annually in these two great Christian nations from the same sad cause!"

Her sentiments on the temperance question soon became extensively known, and those who wanted strong drink went to other groceries. Fred's mind was early and thoroughly imbued with his mother's sentiments. He had full sympathy with her in regard to the sale of ardent spirits.

At the age of seventeen he went to college, and at the end of four years graduated with the highest honors of the University.

He then began the study of law. On completing the course he opened an office and commenced practice.

His mother was justly proud of him.

His neighbors prophesied for him a brilliant career. His business rapidly increased. It was universally anticipated that he would soon become one of the most wealthy and influential men of his native town.

He sought and obtained, in marriage, the hand of a young lady of exquisite beauty and refinement—the daughter of a wealthy wholesale merchant. On the wedding-day the friends of both parties congratulated most heartily the bride and bridegroom. Scarcely twelve months had elapsed when Fred began to keep late hours. His wife became solicitous, and expostulated. Business engagements were offered as an excuse.

In certain circles it was whispered with bated breath that Fred Oslam was drinking. The painful fact soon became generally known that he was a confirmed drunkard. It was now ascertained that, when a lad, sleeping over his mother's shop, young men were accustomed to come in after business closed and spend the late hours of the night with young Oslam. First, they played checkers, then chess and cards.

Fred's temperance principles were thoroughly understood by his companions. They brought cigars; and afterwards liquor was gradually and steadily introduced. Finally, Fred's scruples were overcome. A taste for intoxicating drink was acquired. It had been gaining strength during his college life.

Simultaneously and imperceptibly, the will power became enfeebled as the appetite increased in strength till the desire for ardent spirits could no longer be concealed. His downward career was then most rapid. Wife, mother, and sisters expostulated, pleaded, and wept, but words and tears were unavailing.

Business was neglected and constantly decreased, and the little money he had previously saved was soon squandered. He became utterly reckless and dissipated. He shunned respectable society; and associated with the lowest and most degraded. The disappointment of his mother was inexorable, and her grief inconsolable. Her health sank under the burden of sorrow, and she died broken hearted. At her funeral his friends accused him of being the cause of her death. He pleaded guilty of the awful impeachment, and wept like a child. Despairing and alone he entered the room where lay the body of his mother stiff and cold in death. He bowed over the pale form and yielded to unrestrained lamentation. On rising to leave, his eye caught sight of a bottle of brandy; he seized it and drank greedily its contents. An hour later his friends, wondering at his long delay, opened the door, and, behold! to their amazement and confusion, there were two bodies on the bed—the body of the mother and that of the dead drunk son.

Stung with shame and remorse, he moved with his family to a country village. His wife was not only highly accomplished, but a woman of deep spirituality of mind. In the most tender, loving manner she appealed to every attribute of his manhood; to his former sentiments; to his marriage vows; to his obligations as husband and father; and to his own present and eternal interests.

With all the moving pathos and eloquence of tears, she besought him to abandon the blighting and destructive beverage. Strongly and bitterly he reproached himself, and resolved and vowed he would drink no more; but his resolutions and vows were made in the strength of a will, shattered and enfeebled by alcohol, and were, therefore, broken as often as made. One day, after his recovery from a protracted debauch, his amiable and loving wife came to him, and threw her arms around his neck, and, bathing his bloated and disfigured face with her tears, said:—"Fred, you do not try to reform in the right way. With you the disease of drunkenness has advanced too far for reformation by mere human strength. Satan is the 'strong man armed.' In your case, strong drink is the 'armor in which he trusts' to keep your soul in bondage."

"Now, Jesus Christ, who is stronger than he, must enter, bind this strong man and take away his armor. If you will surrender your heart to Him, by the renewing of His spirit He will take away the appetite for rum."

Fred wept bitterly and said: "I have degraded myself; broken my mother's heart; brought the best wife in the world to shame and sorrow; and my innocent children into disgrace and poverty. I am not fit to live. Oh! that I had become a Christian before this fiend of intemperance enslaved me. I see, my dear wife, the course you advise is my only hope."

But he did not reform. His wife, reared in luxury, was reduced to abject poverty, and was forced to do all the work for herself, husband, and four children. Her father gave her a cow, the milk of which her degraded, besotted husband sold from the lips of his hungry children to buy whiskey. Almost any evening he might be seen in the yard of a low groggery earning a glass of liquor by keeping "tally" for the most abandoned villagers, while they pitched quoits for a "treat." His mental and moral nature was completely deteriorated. Soon his physical constitution was completely wrecked, and disease, induced by strong drink, bore him to a drunkard's grave.

Passing the Plate.

More diplomacy may be exercised by the collector than any one would think. But he can't do nearly as much to help the church as the members themselves can as they sit in their seats. Let a gentleman put silver in the plate and then follow it with his eye. The chances are that no one within sight will have the courage to put in a copper. More than once I've seen a man drop a penny from the palm of his hand in the middle of the plate, thinking it would pass unperceived. But some deacon, or some one interested in the church, would light right on the cent with a well-directed glance. Then the man would, look down, discover with surprise that he had put in a cent, say, "What a ridiculous mistake," and put in more.

There are lots of old church members who understand this, and no matter what church you may go to, unless you sit up in the gallery, you will be pretty sure to see some old gentleman or old lady with an eye on you as the plate goes by. More hesitating nickels have been turned in the right direction by this means than any one has any idea of. And it's only right, for no one can supply a church with heat, light and a good minister, unless he has money to do it with. And every one who enjoys those comforts ought to help pay for them.

There is a curious case in this church. It is that of an old white-haired member, worth a million, who always puts just 10 cents in the box. Rain or shine, he's always in his seat at the same hour and always has a dime in change. I've heard our minister make the most touching sermon on the heathen you ever heard. Tears would wet the old millionaire's cheeks, but just as sure as that box came around he would wipe his eyes, reach with his right hand in his left waistcoat pocket, and draw out the dime; just enough to take a missionary to Harlem. He probably contracted that habit when he was a poor man, and grew to like it.

Other men are just the other way, and give liberally—more, perhaps, than they can afford. Men who get their money mostly are most liberal; brokers and spec-

ulators who don't know whether they own a cent or not will throw in a \$20 bill, when a solid real estate owner will give a quarter. And I've seen a regular gambler come into church in all kinds of fancy clothes and contribute something handsome, just for luck.—*Phila. North American.*

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY H. MATHISON,

Superintendent of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

The number of deaf and dumb persons in the world is estimated to be 1 in 1,500 of the population. Of those afflicted in this manner, fifty per cent., or perhaps more, have become so through disease or adventitious circumstances. Children born without the sense of hearing lack the power of speech, and those who lose their hearing at an early age, being unable to distinguish articulate language, gradually relapse into a state of dumbness. A child who loses its hearing when from eight to twelve years of age, or later on, may retain its speech, if its friends insist upon spoken words as the means of communication with it; these are known as semi-mutes. There are children whose hearing is unimpaired, with perfect vocal organs, but who cannot formulate speech; they are in nearly every case feeble-minded. The number of persons who are slightly hard of hearing, or who can hear better with one ear than the other, is incredibly large; but they do not come under the category of the deaf and dumb. The ancients looked upon the deaf mute as a disgrace to his family, and death, brought on by neglect and exposure, to which they were mercilessly exposed, was a happy release for them. The Tiber engulfed many deaf and dumb children, sacrificed in obedience to the public opinion of the time, but the natural love of parents saved some of their unfortunate offspring by secluding them from the public gaze. As time advanced, they were looked upon more leniently, protected from persecution, but not allowed to inherit property. Those who were not congenitally mutes were favored if they could write, by being allowed civil rights. Aristotle declared, "that all the senses hearing contributes the most to intelligence and knowledge," and he, with other philosophers of his time, came to the conclusion that the congenitally deaf was incapable of instruction. To the Egyptians belongs the credit of first trying to instruct deaf mutes. Jerome Cardan, an eminent man in the 15th century, after careful research, extending over many years, admitted that the instruction of the deaf, is difficult but it is possible. Pedro Ponce, a Spanish monk, is the earliest teacher of the deaf mentioned in history, he having taught two sons of a Castilian noble, Juan Pablo Bonet, in 1620, issued a treatise on the instruction of the deaf, and a single hand alphabet, closely resembling the one now in general use in America, formed a part of it. Dalgarno was the author of the double hand alphabet. In England, Dr. Wallis, a professor of geometry at Oxford, 1661, devised a system of instruction, which appreciated the difficulties to be encountered, and was successfully introduced and used by its author. The first school for mutes in Great Britain was founded near Edinburgh by Thomas Braidwood, and from it has sprung all the institutions in that country. One of his graduates attempted to establish a school in New York in 1811, but failed. In 1817 an institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb was opened at Hartford, Connecticut, with seven pupils, and it was thought at that time it would be sufficiently commodious to afford instruction for all the deaf children in the United States for many years. The Rev. J. H. Gallaudet carried on the work there, having specially prepared himself for it by devoting some years to acquiring the system of instruction as proposed by the celebrated Sicard, of France. Thus it was that the French, or Combined System, was transplanted to American soil. In the Dominion, the Roman Catholic clergy opened the first school in 1848, in Montreal, and the late John Barrett McGann was the pioneer teacher in the Province of Ontario. Of all classes, the deaf stand most in need of an education. By reason of their infirm-

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